Dut. Good faith, good faith: the ſaying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the ſame to thee:
He was the wretcheſt thing when he was ỹong,
So long a growing and ſo leiſurely,
That if this were a rule, he ſhould be gracioŭs.
Car. Why Madame, ſo no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope ſo too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.
That ſhould haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they ſay, that my Vncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres hold:
Twas full two yeers ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie ieſt.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee ſo?
Yor. Granam, his Nurſe.
Dut. Why, ſhe was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too: you are too ſhrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorſet.*
Car. Here comes your ſonne, L^rd Marques Dorſet,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are ſent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The ſumme of all I can, I haue diſcloſed:
Why, or for what theſe Nobles were committed.
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu Ay me, I ſee the downefall of our houſe,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Inſulting tyrannie begins to iet,

Vpon the
Welcome
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Line 5 a true rule, — 12 lay, my — 13 olde.
15 a biting jeſt. 28 thy news —